

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L I

F O R J A N U A R Y.



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**T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.**

**CONTAINING
A C O L L E C T I O N**

**Of scarce and valuable
P I E C E S O F P O E T R Y :**

**With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.**

**Intended as a Supplement to
MR. DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.**

**Written and Selected
By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.**

I N T W E L V E V O L U M E S .

**L O N D O N :
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PONTICAL CALENDAR

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AS none of the liberal sciences can afford a nobler entertainment to the human mind than poetry, so it is presumed, that a judicious collection of agreeable and instructive poems can never be unseasonable. Music ravishes the ear, and affects the soul; but its sweet enchantment is of short duration: A fine piece of painting, if carefully preserved, will mellow into perfection, and perhaps continue the admiration of mankind for some centuries; but the works of THE POET live for ever. We must, however, except those pieces, which, though intrinsically of the highest merit, yet, being published in a loose, careless, or inelegant manner, must of course, in a short time, perish in the wreck of oblivion. To preserve some of these spirited productions, which have been thus unfortunately neglected, is one part of the design of this publication. But it will be proper briefly to inform the reader of the nature of our plan. First then, we propose once a month (for one year only) to publish a small volume of poems, printed in an elegant manner; each of which will take its title from the month at the conclusion of which it is published, and be introduced with some original poems, particularly descriptive of its proper month:

month : afterwards will be added variety of pieces that are either amusing or instructive (and at the same time not immoral), which, though of real merit, have passed through the world unnoticed :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Though it must be confessed, that our plan is of an extensive nature, yet we do not in the least despair of bringing it to a considerable degree of perfection ; as we have laid in a very large fund of scarce and valuable poems, are possessed of many original pieces, and have the promise of assistance from gentlemen of the most celebrated names, the most acknowledged taste, and the most distinguished genius.

Dec. 24.
1762.

FRANCIS FAWKES.
WILLIAM WOTY.

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[:]
THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

ODE TO JANUARY.

Inflexam diffundit Aquarius urnam.

UNfold the gates of ever-flowing time—
Lo! mantled in a showery cloud,
While round him rough winds thunder loud,
Aquarius sprinkles o'er
Of winter's hoary clime
The adamantine floor :
He pours the Tyber and the Nile,
To recompence the last year's spoil.

'Tis he ! the two-fac'd Janus comes in view ;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn :
He spurns the Goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride :
And now unlocks, with agat key,
The ruby gates of orient day.

B

Mars

Mars and Bellona now suspend the war!

Their red hoof'd steeds, with battle worn,

To their long vacant stalls return :

In icy fetters bound,

Beneath th' Antarctic star,

Seas burst their frozen mound,

Far southern seas, releas'd and free,

Escape, and rush to liberty.

Thus let my soul, beleaguer'd long with care,

Find virtue's calm, sequester'd seat,

And trace the vestige of her feet :

May each impassion'd thought

Meet a safe harbour there,

Deem the low world as nought,

And freed from folly's magic chain,

To wisdom's lore return again.

WINTER.

W I N T E R

A N O D E

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze;
 Nor gentle eve distils the dew:
 The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Usurping darkness shares the day;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway:
 By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
 No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain,
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths, now sought in vain!
 Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
 In nature's aid, let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let

Let music sound, the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale :
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.
 Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings,
 Nor love nor wine the spring restore.
 Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer, man a flow'r,
 He dies ! alas ! how soon he dies !

WINTER.

WINTER.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Felices ter, & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula.

HOR.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
 While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with
 As bleak the winds northerly blow ; [cold,
 And the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow :
 In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
 All the charms that her modesty hides :
 When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met ;
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

A DE-

A DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

BY MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1719.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to
 What present shall the muse to Dorset bring ; [flow,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?
 All pleasing objects, which to verse invite,
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight.
 The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring ;
 No birds within this desert region sing ;
 The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly :
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day :
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl :
 O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :

There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
 Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow ;
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes.
 For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass :
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow :
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field :
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprize,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
 The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine :
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies :
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends.

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm: X O
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees:
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads:
 Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise, O
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes:
 His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear;
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

May yet, and more I dare not say,
 The story true, as might be told,
 All nature round, in contemplation,
 And intention, took the hint.
 The soldier that whilom only bore
 Wild beasts, or clad at best with coat,
 Despoil'd their humble weeds, and wore
 Rich fringed doublets, and gold coats.
 No hills were pastur'd with flocks;
 Pig-sties of iron hung on every tree;
 The winds would powder-puffs, and so,
 On every bush a noisy troop!

ON CAPTAIN FORRESTER'S

TRAVELLING TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND
IN WINTER, ANNO 1727. INCOG.

O'ER Caledonia's ruder Alps,
While Forrester pursu'd his way,
The mountains veil'd their rugged scalps,
And wrapt in snow and wonder lay!
Each sylvan god, each rural power,
Peep'd out to see the raree-show;
And all confess'd, that, till that hour,
They ne'er had seen so bright a beau.
Nay yet, and more I dare advance,
The story true, as aught in print,
All nature round, in complaisance,
And imitation, took the hint.
The fields that whilome only bore
Wild heath, or clad at best with oats,
Despis'd these humble weeds, and wore
Rich spangled doublets, and lac'd coats.
The hills were perriwigg'd with snow;
Pig-tails of ice hung on each tree;
The winds turn'd powder-puffs; and, lo,
On every shrub a sharp toupee!

With

With silver clocks the river gods
 Appear'd ; and some will take their oath,
 Or lay at least a thousand odds,
 The clouds saliving spit white froth.
 The youth abash'd thus to survey
 So rude a scene himself outdo,
 His sprightly genius to display,
 Resolv'd on something odd and new :
 All things he found were grown genteel,
 Which made him deem it a-propo,
 To be alone in dishabile,
 A Forrester, and not a beau.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.
M.D.CC.XL.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wint'ry goal attains,
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his golden reins.
Prone on Potosi's haughty brow
His fiery streamlets incessant flow,
Ripening the silver's ductile stores ;
While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How faint the light ! how thick the air !
Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their chearful bloom ;
No more the breezes waft perfume ;
No more the warbling waters roll :
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
Black storms involve the louring sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire ;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 To charm the midnight hours conspire.
 While mute and shrinking with her fears,
 Each blast the cottage-matron hears,
 As o'er the hearth she sits alone :
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
 'The night is dark, and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray ;
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing ;
 And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day !
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 That now fermenting loads the sky,

Prompt

Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thundering o'er the Baltic deep
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume on nature and her laws ;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the sovereign cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs,
 Thro' this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful courts to tread
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 With every laurel fresh display'd ;
 While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
 Or bend to Plato's god-like tongue
 Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
 Bids leave the studious page awhile,
 Then easier joys the soul unbend,
 And teach the brow a softer smile ;
 Then while the genial glass is paid
 By each to her, that fairest maid,
 Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
 What lucky vows his bosom warm !
 While absence heightens every charm,
 And love invokes returning May.

May ! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
 When will thy happy morn arise ?
 When the dear place which gave her birth
 Restore Lucinda to my eyes ?
 There while she walks the wonted grove,
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the one primæval fair,
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
 Chaste hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read
 The wonted softness in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die :

Then

Then oft to thy name attun'd,
 And rising to diviner sound,
 I'll wake the free Horatian song :
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.

THE

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEhold, my fair, where-e'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise,
 The naked hills, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !
 Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern winter, is thy force confest,
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.
 Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.
 In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine, and of gloom.
 Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

T O T H E

AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

BY THOMAS TICKELL, ESQUIRE.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
 How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?
 Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
 Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
 In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
 And suck pollution thro' their tingling veins.
 Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
 And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
 To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride,
 Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide;
 Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
 Please while they cure, and cheat us into health.
 Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
 And with his taylor share the fopling's heart:
 Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
 Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:
 From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
 And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to thee.
 His miss the frolic viscount dreads to toast,
 Or his third cure the shallow templar boast;

And

And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
 Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.
 The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
 Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
 Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
 Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
 A fauntring tribe ! such born to wide estates,
 With yea and no in senates hold debates :
 At length despis'd, each to his fields retires,
 First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires ;
 From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
 In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
 Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
 Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light ;
 Fame, heav'n and hell, are thy exalted theme,
 And visions such as Jove himself might dream ;
 Man sunk to slavery, tho' to glory born,
 Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.
 Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
 And thou alone deserve from such a friend :
 A debt so borrow'd, is illustrious shame,
 And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
 So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's queen bestow'd,
 With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd.
 Such generous strife Eugene and Malbro' try,
 And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
 Permit these lines by thee to live — nor blame
 A muse that pants and languishes for fame ;

That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
 Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things :
 Receiv'd by thee, I prophecy, my rhimes
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times :
 Mixt with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
 But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.
 So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies ;
 Thro' the new pupil fostering juices flow,
 Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow
 Aloft ; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
 With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

TO

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T O M R. A D D I S O N,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

BY THE SAME.

— Ne forte pudori

Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains
 Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
 And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
 No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
 Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
 Thy style has match'd what antient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
 Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!

What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
 The babling sounds that mimic echo plays,
 The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
 Nature and art in all their charms combin'd!
 And all Elysium to one view combin'd!
 No farther could imagination roam,
 Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.
 Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain;
 In dirges thus expiring swans complain;
 Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
 And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
 Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan, [great:
 Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.
 Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.

So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the god of verse, and light.
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
 Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre ;
 Who reads thy work, shall own the sweet surprize,
 And view thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

T O M R. A D D I S O N,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

BY THE SAME.

TOO long has love engross'd Britannia's stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage :
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair one's eyes :
 The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 'Thou scorn'st to raise a grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame :
 A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
 How do our souls with generous pleasure glow !
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his sufferings venerably great ?
 Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.
 The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare,
 'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight :

His

His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
 Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
 A while they let the world's great business wait,
 Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
 Here taught how antient heroes rose to fame,
 Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.
 France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to British arms, and British wit:
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
 Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
 The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,
 In thee we find: each deed, each word express'd,
 And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
 With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
 We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

BY THE SAME.

WHen Brunswick first appear'd, each honest
heart,

Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art ;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main ;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms ;
A third awakes some druid, to foretell
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies ! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view :
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise ;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth sup-
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise. [plies,
By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind ;

With

With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
 And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
 While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
 And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
 Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
 In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
 When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
 And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
 His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
 And cross the level fields his march pursues.
 Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
 He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
 O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
 Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;
 Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
 From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
 With fruits and flowers the careful hind supplies,
 And cloaths the marshes in a rich disguise.
 Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
 And such thy gifts, celestial liberty!
 Thro' stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
 The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
 Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
 And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
 In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
 Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
 Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
 The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings;
 Mature

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
 Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
 The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
 Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
 Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By rocks or streams, the mounds which heav'n de-
 sign'd;

The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.
 But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking towers, and lessening land.
 The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
 Breaks thro' the billows, and divides the main.
 O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
 A watery prospect bounded by the skies:
 Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
 Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
 Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
 And see the wide horizon all thy own:
 Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful crew
 Hail Albion's cliffs, just whitening to the view:
 Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
 Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
 The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
 From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
 Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
 The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
 He views his kingdom in its rural pride ;
 A various scene the wide spread landscape yields,
 O'er rich enclosures, and luxuriant fields :
 A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
 And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
 Fair Greenwich, hid in woods, with new delight,
 Shade above shade, now rises to the fight :
 His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
 And guard the island which they grac'd before.
 The sun now rolling down the western way,
 A blaze of fires renews the fading day ;
 Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
 Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold ;
 Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
 Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
 In one vast shout he seeks the crouded strand,
 And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
 Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
 Oh ! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
 For thee the east breath'd out a prosperous breeze,
 Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
 Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
 And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
 That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
 The same their aspect, and their voice the same.
 So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
 At one soft moment in the mother's mind,

Show

Show each the other with reflected grace,
 And the same beauties bloom in either face;
 The puzzled strangers which is which enquire;
 Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.
 From that fair * hill, where hoary sages boast
 To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
 By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
 Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
 O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
 And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
 A floating forest. From the distant strand
 A line of golden carrs strikes o'er the land:
 Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
 Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
 Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
 A bright procession, shines along the plain.
 So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathless ways
 A comet draws a long extended blaze;
 From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
 And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
 Now to the regal towers securely brought,
 He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
 Resumes the delegated power he gave,
 Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
 Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
 Select, to heighten and adorn her song?

* Mr. Flamstead's house.

Thee,

Thee, Hallifax. To thy capacious mind,
 O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd!
 Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
 By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd;
 An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
 And thy own care once more returns to thee.
 O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
 Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
 Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
 To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
 For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
 And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.
 The muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes;
 Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
 And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
 Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
 A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
 Who sees by Brunswick's hand her scepter sway'd,
 And through his line from age to age convey'd.

A N O D E,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL
OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

BY THE SAME.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods!
In safety o'er the rowling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales;
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires:
At length has royal Orleans prest,
With open arms, the well-known guest;
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind:

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,

They

They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
 And bless whole ages yet to come.
 Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
 What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea ;
 For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow ;
 And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm league with Thames combine,
 The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine !
 Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage
 With half the warring world engage.
 Oh ! call to mind thy thousands slain,
 And Almanara's fatal plain ;
 While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
 Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

D

PRO.

P R O L O G U E,

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY THE SAME.

WHat kings henceforth shall reign, what states
be free,

Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree :

Whose brows the muse's sacred wreath shall fit

Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.

With beating hearts the rival poets wait,

Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate ;

Secure, when to these learned seats they come,

Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown

Is but the praise of a capricious town ;

While with mock-majesty, and fancied power,

He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.

Oft wide of nature must he act a part,

Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart ;

In turn and simile resign his breath,

And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.

We blush, when plays like these receive applause ;

And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause ;

With honest scorn our own success disdain,

A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.

No

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear ;
 Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
 To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
 The work of poets, whom you taught to sing :
 Tho' crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
 Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.
 Great Cato's self the glory of the stage,
 Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
 Begg here he may be tried by Roman laws ;
 To you, O fathers, he submits his cause ;
 He rests not in the people's general voice,
 Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.
 Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
 To wind the passions, and command the heart,
 For fancied ills to force our tears to flow ;
 And make the generous soul in love with woe ;
 To raise the shades of heroes to our view ;
 Rebuild fallen empires, and old time renew.
 How hard the task ! how rare the godlike rage !
 None should presume to dictate for the stage,
 But such as boast a great extensive mind,
 Enrich'd by nature, and by art refin'd ;
 Who from the antient stores their knowledge bring,
 And tasted early of the muse's spring.
 May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
 But such, as sprung from you, are born to wit :
 Chose by the mob, their lawless claim we slight :
 Your's is the old hereditary right.

· T H O U G H T S

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL
PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I. TAKEN AT
THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the
great,
Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness, and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.
When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;
Doom'd for the faith plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;

Then

Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
 The king, the father, and the saint to mourn. —
 How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?
 Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:
 Near thy bold work the stun'd spectators faint,
 Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint;
 What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
 Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show, }
 The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.
 Where then, just heaven, was thy unactive hand,
 Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
 Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
 And the great genii of anointed kings!
 Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
 And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
 So sad, none like can time's old records tell,
 Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
 All names but one too low — that one too high:
 All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.
 O power supreme! how secret are thy ways!
 Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,
 With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
 His ballance hold, and guide his angry rod;
 New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
 And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.
 Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
 When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,

His now unequal dispensations clear,
 And make all wise and beautiful appear ;
 When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
 And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.
 Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
 A pledge of hell, to dying Cromwell's heart :
 Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,
 Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb,
 While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
 And the storm wings his spotted soul away.
 A blast more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
 To scatter blessings o'er the British land.
 Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,
 And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main ;
 Not those more kind, which guide our floating towers,
 Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours :
 That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
 Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
 Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
 And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
 O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
 O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main ;
 Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
 Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
 This fight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
 The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest ;
 To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
 And one destroy'd a thousand kings defend.

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

BY THE SAME.

I Am, cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
 The long list of the graces his godship posselt:
 I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
 I'm the god of the harp — stop my fairest — in vain;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
 Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above, and of phyfic below:
 At the dreadful word phyfic, the nymph fled more fast;
 At the fatal word phyfic, she doubled her haste.
 Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy
 charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

BY THE SAME.

Much had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babler, fame;
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
 And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
 Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
 And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.
 Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
 And where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
 On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
 I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away;
 All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
 And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.
 Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports, and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
 Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
 He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

TO

T O A L A D Y;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

BY THE SAME.

L Avish of wit, and bold appear the lines,
 Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines;
 A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
 And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
 A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poets art,
 Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
 Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
 The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
 Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
 And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes,
 O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
 But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
 Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom
 Th' untainted lilly, and unfolding rose; [disclose.
 Ease in your mein, and sweetness in your face,
 You speak a syren, and you move a grace;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
 While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
 The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
 In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
 In every change still lovely, still the same,
 A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame.

A

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

BY THE SAME.

IN utmost Ocean lies a lovely isle,
 Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever
 Which sees the sun put on his first array, [smile,
 And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
 When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
 And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
 When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
 And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
 In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
 The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat,
 Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
 Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
 A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
 Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
 Not us'd, like vulgar birds, to eat his fill,
 Or drink the chrystal of the murm'ring rill;
 But fed by warmth from Titan's purer ray,
 And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
 Still he renews his life in these abodes,
 Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.

His

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
 And round his head ten thousand glories play;
 High on his crest, a star celestial bright
 Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
 His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
 His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
 Soft plumes of chearful blue his limbs infold,
 Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.
 Begot by none himself, begetting none,
 Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
 His life in fruitful death renews its date,
 And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
 Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
 And on the funeral pile begin to live.
 For when a thousand times the summer sun
 His bending race has on the zodiac run,
 And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
 As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
 Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
 And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
 So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
 The shade, and glory of the mountain's brow.
 When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-
 It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head, [spread;
 Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
 And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
 Then, as the silver empress of the night
 O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,

So,

So, froze with age, and shut from light's supplies,
 In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
 And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
 Scarce rear th' unactive lumber from the ground.
 Mysterious arts a second time create
 The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
 Pil'd on an heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
 Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
 The pile, design'd to form his funeral scene,
 He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
 And bids the spicy heap at once become
 A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.
 On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
 Imploring Phœbus, with persuasive cries,
 To dart upon him in collected rays,
 And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
 The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
 And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
 " O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
 " Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn, }
 " An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
 " Thou, on whom heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous
 " To live by ruin, and by death to bloom, [doom
 " Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
 " And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view.
 Thus speaking, midst the aromatic bed,
 A golden beam he tosses from his head;

Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
 And strait devours the willing sacrifice ;
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
 Sink into strength, and into life expire.
 In flames the circling odours mount on high,
 Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
 The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
 And nature startles at the doubtful sight ;
 For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
 The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
 Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
 The noblest product of the skill she claims.
 Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
 And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear ;
 In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
 And life, returning, revels in his veins :
 A new-born Phoenix starting from the flame,
 Obtains at once a son's and father's name :
 And the great change of double life displays,
 In the short moment of one transient blaze.
 On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
 And to the gods his parent urn commends,
 To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
 The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
 And grace the triumph of his infant flight ;
 In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
 Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky ;

Nor

Not dares the fiercest of the winged race
 Obstruct his journey thro' th' etherial space ;
 The hawk and eagle useleſs wars forbear,
 Forego their courage, and consent to fear ;
 The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
 And bleſs the gaudy flight of their ambroſial king.
 Leſs glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
 Commanding legions to the duſty field ;
 Tho' ſparkling jewels on his helm abound,
 And royal gold his awful head ſurround ;
 Tho' rich embroidery paint his purple veſt,
 And his ſteed bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
 Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
 In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
 Fam'd for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
 A ſacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
 Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb,
 An hundred columns rear the marble dome ;
 Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious load,
 A grateful offering to the beamy god ;
 Upon whoſe altar's conſecrated blaze
 The ſeeds and reliques of himſelf he lays,
 Whence flaming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
 And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
 The waſted ſmell to far Peluſium flies,
 To chear old Ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
 With neſtar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
 And ſcent the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice

Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
 Has made thy self, thy self's surviving heir;
 By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruin all the world beside;
 Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
 And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
 Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
 O'ertop'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
 When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE. FROM MINAGE.

BY THE SAME.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian
grove,

Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains ;
He, midst the graceful, of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed,
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes ;
The vig'rous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO

T O A L A D Y ;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

BY THE SAME.

Each beauteous flower — roses and jessamin

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads. — MILTON.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
 The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
 Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
 The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
 O! cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
 With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
 Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power:
 Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips out-blush the opening rose;
 The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
 And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
 Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
 How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!

E

But

But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hastening day,
 This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
 The roses wither, and the lilies pine.

The garland's fate to thine shall be applied,
 And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride:
 Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
 Let joy be new, and now a waste of love;
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
 And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE:

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
 He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
 For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
 Now he laments a look so fallly fair,
 And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
 Now he devours it with his longing eyes;
 Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
 Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies. }
 Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
 And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
 The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
 Melts without heat, and burns in fancied fire.
 Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
 What love inspires, may life itself impart.
 Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
 And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
 Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
 Perhaps even now th' enlivening image warms, }
 Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
 Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
 That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

PART OF THE
FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

BY THE SAME,

Cæsar, having resolved to give battle to Petreius
and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain,
encamped near the enemy in the same field.
The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing
and knowing one another, is the subject of the
following verses.

THeir antient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew:
Brother, with brother in unnat'ral strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life:
Curst civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
For vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with transport, to the longing foe:
Here their long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,

Youths

Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
 Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.
 Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
 And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
 Tho' yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
 With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
 Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
 Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
 Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
 Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
 Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight—
 Bids he the standard move? refuse the fight—
 Your generals, left by you, will love again,
 A son and father, when they're private men.
 Kind concord, heavenly-born! whose blissful reign
 Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
 Whose laws the jarring elements controul,
 And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
 Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
 This lucky hour, thy aid, fair goddess, bring!
 This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
 Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
 No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
 They know their duty, now their friends are known.
 Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be;
 New crimes, by love inham'd, this night shall see:
 Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
 The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare :
 On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
 And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground :
 Around the fire they talk ; one shows his scars,
 One tells what chance first led him to the wars ;
 Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
 And the mute circle listens to the tale.
 They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
 Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate ;
 Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
 A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.
 When to Petreus first the news was told,
 The jealous general thought his legions sold.
 Swift, with the guards, his head-strong fury drew,
 From out his camp he drives the hostile crew ;
 Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
 And stains with blood each hospitable board.
 Then thus his wrath breaks out. " Oh ! lost to fame !
 " Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !
 " Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?
 " Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.
 " What ? will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
 " A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?
 " Shall he be sued to take you into place
 " Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?
 " What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious thought !
 " And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !

" The

" The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
 " Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;
 " But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
 " A fair amusement, and a specious name.
 " Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
 " Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
 " Ne'er had the steed in harness fought the plain,
 " Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;
 " Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
 " Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
 " By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
 " Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;
 " Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
 " And traitors only in a righteous cause ?
 " Oh shame ! in vain thro' nations far and wide,
 " Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
 " Fallen Pompey ! while thy legions here betray
 " Thy cheap bought life, and treat thy fame away."

He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
 His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
 So, hap'ly tam'd, the tyger bears his bands,
 Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands ;
 But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar :
 He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
 And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
 Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
 On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,

Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
 And made the whole malignity their own.
 The beds, the plenteous tables float with gore,
 And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
 Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
 Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept;
 But every blow their wavering rage assures,
 In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
 Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
 But fires by sons, and sons by fathers die. [descry,
 Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
 Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
 Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame
 On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

TO

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
 O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
 Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream!
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames thro' meadows rolls his mazy train:
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
 Already round the visionary seat.
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.

Where

Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night ;
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;
 And oh ! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade.
 What cheering scents those bordering banks exhale !
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !
 That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn ;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine ;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While, from thy needle, rise the filken flowers ;
 And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble fight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
 Oh ! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress'd,
 Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest ;

Then

Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every
 And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence. [sense,
 Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wife, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night;
 Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
 To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
 This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land;
 And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that nature never knew.
 By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away;
 From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
 Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
 Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
 This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
 And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
 Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.

And

And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,
 Our childrens children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.
 Mean while, in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain:
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell!
 Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
 In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

BY THE SAME.

*Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra —**— Podagra hæc otia fecit.*

HAil! antient book, most venerable code!
 Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
 By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee.
 Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
 Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
 And golden verge enclosing thee around;
 The faithful horn before, from age to age,
 Preserving thy invaluable page;
 Behind, thy patron faint in armour shines,
 With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
 Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
 Left wrangling critics should pervert the text.
 Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
 And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;

Or

Or sugar'd plain, o'erspread with beaten gold,
 Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
 Thou still shall be my song — Apollo's choir
 I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
 Of all the learning which has since been taught ;
 Soon made complete ! for mortals ne'er shall know
 More than contain'd of old the christ-cross row ;
 What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wise matrons hence, ev'n to our children teach,
 But as the name of every plant and flower,
 (So common that each peasant knows its power)
 Physicians in mysterious cant express,
 T' amuse the patient, and inhance their fees ;
 So from the letters of our native tongue,
 Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung ;
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade,
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait.
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers stare ;
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian sage, or English dame.

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excel ?
 No greasy thumb thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dog-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;
 In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand :
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flattering verse to praise the author's wit :
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
 No various readings to confound the text :
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy !
 Search we the records of an antient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run.
 “ * Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 “ And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul ;
 “ His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
 “ And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued :

* The lines thus “ marked, describe the advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher, who desired the emperor neither to say nor do any thing till he had first repeated the alphabet, or letters of the Horn-book ; the strict observance of this rule would be the means to make his passions subside, and prevent mischievous consequences.

“ In

" In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
 " None could suffice to stem the furious tide ;
 " Thy sacred lines he did but once repeat,
 " And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat."
 Thy heavenly notes, like angels music, cheer
 Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
 An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
 Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read ;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
 And (eyes lift up) this fav'ry lecture makes :
 Great A, he gravely read ; th' important sound
 The empty walls, and hollow roof rebound :
 Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head,
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
 Great B, the younker bawls ! O heavenly breath !
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death !
 What hopes I feel ! great C, pronounc'd the boy ;
 The grandfire dies with extasy of joy.
 Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
 Of Essex hundreds fame gives this report,
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,
 Tho' few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonders magic spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below ;
 What words profound and dark wise Mah'met spoke,
 When his old cow an angel's figure took ;

What

What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
 Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
 O mighty book, are all contain'd in you!
 All human arts, and every science meet,
 Within the limits of thy single sheet:
 From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
 And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
 The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:
 Loose grow the chains, which bound my useless feet;
 Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat;
 Surprising strength comes every moment on,
 I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
 Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
 And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

* Votiva tabula. Hor.

F

EUPOLIS'

EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

FROM THE GREEK.

Author of being, source of light,
 With unfading beauties bright,
 Fulness, goodness, rolling round
 Thy own fair orb without a bound:
 Whether thee thy suppliant calls
 Truth, or good, or one, or all,
 † Ei or Iao; Thee we hail,
 Essence that can never fail,
 Grecian or barbaric name,
 Thy steadfast being still the same.
 Thee, when morning greets the skies
 With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
 Thee, when sweet declining day
 Sinks in purple waves away;
 Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
 And teach the world to praise and love.
 Yonder azure vault on high,
 Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
 Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
 And with circling waves embrac'd,

* A Greek poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

† Names attributed to the deity.

All

All creating power confels,
 All their mighty maker blefs.
 Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
 Sea, earth, and air, confels the God :
 Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
 Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
 Scarce can our daring thoughts arise
 To thy pavilion in the skies ;
 Nor can Plato's self declare
 The blifs, the joy, the rapture there.
 Barren above thou dost not reign,
 But circled with a glorious train,
 The sons of God, the sons of light,
 Ever joying in thy sight :
 (For thee their silver harps are strung,)
 Ever beauteous, ever young ;
 Angelic forms their voices raise,
 And thro' heaven's arch resound thy praise,
 The feather'd fowls that swim the air,
 And bathe in liquid ether there.
 The lark, sweet herald of their choir,
 Leading them higher still and higher,
 Listen and learn ; th' angelic notes
 Repeating in their warbling throats :
 And ere to soft repose they go,
 Teach them to their lords below :
 On the green turf, their mossy nest,
 The evening anthem swells their breast.

Thus, like thy * golden chain on high,
 Thy praise unites the earth and sky.
 Source of light, thou bidst the sun
 On his burning axle run;
 The stars like dust around him fly,
 And show the area of the sky.
 He drives so swift his race above,
 Mortals can't perceive him move;
 So smooth his course, oblique or strait,
 Olympus shakes not with his weight.
 As the queen of solemn night
 Fills at his vase her orb of light,
 Imparted lustre; thus we see
 The solar virtue shines by thee.
 † Eirefione we'll no more,
 Imaginary power, adore;
 Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
 And life-sustaining bread are thine.
 Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
 The flocks that graze our Attic plains;
 The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
 Rises pregnant from the ground;

* See Homer's Iliad, book 8. the beginning.

† This word signifies an olive-branch, wrapt round with wool, and ornamented with grapes, and different kinds of fruits, which the antients used to hang before the doors of their houses, by way of charm, to prevent famine.

At thy command it shoots and springs,
 And a thousand blessings brings.
 Minerva only is thy mind,
 Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
 The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
 Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
 On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
 Or where the rich Sabceans reign,
 That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
 For food, for med'cine, or delight :
 Planted by thy parent care,
 Spring, and smile, and flourish there..
 O ye nurses of soft dreams,
 Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
 Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
 Or sliding thro' the meadows green,
 Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,
 Travelling to your parent deep :
 Sound his praise, by whom you rose,
 That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows..
 O ye immortal woods and groves,
 Which th' enamour'd student loves ;
 Beneath whose venerable shade,
 For thought and friendly converse made,
 Fam'd * Hecadem, old hero, lies,
 Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,,

* Probably this word means Cadmus.

And thro' the gloom of silent night
 Projects from far its trembling light ;
 You, whose roots descend as low,
 As high in air your branches grow ;
 Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
 Bend your heads, in homage bend :
 Cedars and pines that wave above,
 And mighty oaks belov'd of Jove ;
 Omen, monster, prodigy,
 Or nothing are, or Jove from thee !
 Whether various nature play,
 Or reinvers'd thy will obey,
 And to rebel man declare
 Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
 Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
 The threatening vengeance of the skies,
 Whilst the pious, on his guard,
 Undismay'd is still prepar'd :
 Life or death, his mind's at rest,
 Since what thou send'st must needs be best.
 No evil can from thee proceed :
 'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
 Darknefs is not from the sun,
 Nor mount the shades till he is gone :
 Then does night obscene arise
 From Erebus, and fill the skies,
 Fantastic forms the air invade,
 Daughters of nothing, and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
 Slow to punish, prone to spare !
 Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
 That dar'd old Ocean's power deride ;
 Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubean wave,
 At Marathon they found a grave.
 O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
 For Greece with pious ardor fir'd,
 What shrines or altars shall we raise
 To secure your endless praise ?
 Or need we monuments supply,
 To rescue what can never die ?
 And yet * a greater hero far
 (Unless great Socrates could err)
 Shall rise to bless some future day,
 And teach to live, and teach to pray.
 Come, unknown instructor, come !
 Our leaping hearts shall make thee room :
 Thou with Jove our vows shall share,
 Of Jove and thee we are the care.
 O father, king, whose heavenly face
 Shines serene on all thy race,
 We thy magnificence adore,
 And thy well-known aid implore :
 Nor vainly for thy help we call ;
 Nor can we want : for thou art all !

* The Messiah, foretold by Socrates.

THE HYMN OF *CLEANTHES,

TO THE SUPREME GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY DR. BOWDEN.

Great father of the skies, whose boundless sway,
 Both gods above, and worlds below obey.
 Thy laws sustain the universal frame,
 Various thy titles, but thy power the same.
 Hail, sovereign Jove! all nations shall address
 Their songs to thee, who gave them tongues to bless.
 Behold thy image groveling on the earth,
 Faint echoes of thy voice, which gave us birth:
 Then back will I reflect thy praises still,
 And sing the wonders of almighty skill.
 The wide expanse of yon etherial plain,
 And all below, is subject to thy reign.

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a stoic philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn must give every sensible man pleasure, to find such just sentiments of the deity in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

The

The forked lightnings, which, with double glare,
 Sublimely wave, and linger in the air,
 From thy dread arm with pointed fury fly,
 And, ting'd with ruddy vengeance, sweep the sky.
 The ray divine, o'er all the frame presides,
 Glows in the sun, and in the ocean glides.
 From thee each atom of creation springs;
 Hail! great support of all inferior things!
 The orbs above, and floating seas below,
 Move by thy laws, and by thy influence flow:
 All, rang'd in order, know their destin'd place,
 All but the mad, degenerate human race:
 But thou canst order from confusion bring,
 Bid peace from discord, good from evil spring:
 And when all nature frowns, and nations jar,
 Set calms in storms, and harmony in war.
 Great Jove so justly fram'd the earthly ball,
 That universal good results from all;
 While common sense still shines with certain ray,
 And thro' the seeming maze points out the way;
 Yet thoughtless men, to this blest convoy blind,
 Court the wild dictates of a restless mind;
 Perversely fly the universal light,
 And the sweet voice of heavenly reason flight.
 Unhappy men! who toil and hunt for bliss,
 But the plain road of sacred wisdom miss:
 Led by this constant, this unerring guide,
 Thro' flowery paths, man's life would smoothly glide:
 But

But urg'd by passion, heedless we pursue
 The first mad pleasures that invite the view.
 Some avarice and fordid taste inspire,
 Ambition some, and fame's ungovern'd fire ;
 Soft luxury some, and Cyprian charms delight,
 While all rush forward to the heaven in fight.
 But thou, who thunderest in the vault above,
 Correct these vain desires, O bounteous Jove !
 Let god-like reason in our bosoms dwell,
 And from weak minds this lunacy expel ;
 A ray of wisdom on our souls bestow,
 By which thou rul'st all nature's scene below :
 Then with devotion fir'd, we'll hail thee king,
 And in eternal songs, thy wonders sing.
 No greater good can men or gods attend,
 Than at thy throne with prostrate hearts to bend.

AN

AN HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

GOD of my health ! whose bounteous care
 First gave me power to move,
 How shall my thankful heart declare
 The wonders of thy love ?
 While void of thought and sense I lay,
 Dust of my parent earth,
 Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
 And call'd me into birth.
 From thee my parts their fashion took,
 And ere my life begun,
 Within the volume of thy book
 Were written one by one.
 Thy eye beheld in open view
 The yet unfinish'd plan ;
 The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
 And form'd the future man.
 O may this frame that rising grew,
 Beneath thy plastic hands,
 Be studious ever to pursue
 Whate'er thy will commands.
 The soul that moves this earthly load,
 Thy semblance let it bear,
 Nor lose the traces of the God
 That stamp'd his image there.

A SACRED LYRIC

ON BEING WAKED IN THE NIGHT, BY A VIOLENT
STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTENING.

Lock'd in the arms of balmy sleep,
From every care of day,
As silent as the folded sheep,
And as secure I lay.
Sudden, tremendous thunders roll;
Quick lightnings round me glare;
The solemn scene alarms my soul,
And wakes the heart to prayer.
Whate'er, O Lord, at this still hour,
These awful sounds portend,
Whether sole ensigns of thy power,
Or groans for nature's end;
Grant me to bear with equal mind,
These terrors of the sky;
For ever, as thou wilt, resign'd,
Alike to live or die.
If, wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempest stirs
That peal, the voice of thy command,
These flames thy messengers:

Welcome

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall
 Beneath the passing sun ;
 Thy righteous will determines all,
 And let that will be done.
 But if, as nature's laws ordain,
 Nor destin'd by thy will,
 Each bolt exerts its wide domain,
 Self-authoriz'd to kill,
 Quick interpose, all-gracious Lord,
 In this remorseless night ;
 Arise, and be alike ador'd
 For mercy, as for might.
 Vouchsafe, amidst this time of dread,
 Thy suppliant's voice to hear :
 O shield from harm each friendly head,
 And all my soul holds dear.
 Let it not kill where riot foul,
 Pours forth the drunken jest :
 Nor where the guilt-envenom'd soul
 Starts wild from troubled rest.
 A while O spare those sinful breasts,
 Whose deeds the night deform,
 Nor strike where smiling virtue rests,
 Unconscious of the storm.
 Succour the couch where beauty lies,
 All pale with tender fear ;
 Where sickness lifts its languid eyes ;
 O pour thy comforts there !

Nor

Nor useless waste this moral night,
 Like common hours, away;
 But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
 More fair than orient day.
 Warn'd by each flash, may virtue rise,
 And with its glories spread,
 While every blasted bud of vice
 Shrinks in new terrors dead.
 So on that awful judgment day,
 Whose image shakes the soul,
 Tho' keenest lightnings shoot their ray,
 And loudest thunders roll;
 Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see
 Those final thunders hurl'd,
 And mark with joy, for love of thee,
 That flash which melts the world.

A L L A H Y O U M N,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

BY J. S.

LET praise to that almighty sovereign rise,
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care; [skies;
 Whose kind protection all the nations share:
 From the glad climes, whence morn in beauty drest,
 Forth goes, rejoicing, to the farthest west;
 On him alone their whole dependence lies,
 And his rich mercy every want supplies.
 O thou great author of th' extended whole!
 Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll:
 By thee spring, summer, autumn, winter, rise;
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies:
 By thy command the softening shower distills,
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;
 Then fav'ring sun-shine o'er the clime extends,
 And blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends;
 Next spring's gay products cloath the flowery hills,
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;
 Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
 And nature's face proclaims her maker's praise.

HYMN. FROM PSALM VIII.

BY THE SAME.

Almighty power! amazing are thy ways;
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thy excellence display!
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
 Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
 Yon wide-extended heaven with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since time his course began,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!
 A point, an atom, in the field of space!
 Yet even to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;
 Yet even to us, as delegates of thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea;
 Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air;
 Whate'er of life the watery regions bear;
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim,
 We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
 Almighty power! how wond'rous are thy ways!
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!

TRUST

TRUST IN GOD. A POEM.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why
art thou disquieted within me. —

— PUT THY TRUST IN GOD. Ps. XLII. 6, 7.

WHY droops the head, why languishes the eye?
What mean the flowing tear, and frequent
Where are the lenient med'cines to impart [sigh ?
Their balmy virtue to a bleeding heart ?
Fruitless are all attempts for kind relief
To mix her cordial, and allay my grief ;
So strong my anguish, so severe my pain,
Weak is philosophy, and reason vain :
Such rules, like fuel, make my passion glow,
Quicken each pang, and point the sting of woe :
Imagination labours but in vain,
While darkening clouds intoxicate the brain :
Fancy no sweet ideas can suggest,
To lull the raging tumult in my breast ;
In vain or mirth invites, or friendship calls,
Wit dies a jest, and conversation palls ;
Nature and art supply fresh springs of care,
And each obtruding thought creates despair ;

No scenes amuse me, that amus'd before,
 And what delighted once, delights no more :
 Tho' all creation beautiful appears,
 And nature's aspect a rich verdure wears ;
 Yet still her bloom with sickening eyes I see,
 And all her luxury is lost on me :
 The budding plants of variegated hue,
 The blossoms opening with the morning dew ;
 The vernal breeze that gently fans the bowers,
 The laughing meadows, and enlivening showers,
 Th' enamell'd garden, where the works of art
 Give strength to nature, and fresh charms impart ;
 Where gaudy pinks, and blushing roses bloom,
 Rich in array, and pregnant with perfume ;
 Where Flora, smiling, sees her offspring vie
 To spread their beauties, and regale the eye :
 All, all, in vain, with charms united glow
 To deck the scene, or gild the face of woe :
 So when the morning lark ascending sings,
 While joy attunes his voice, and mounts his wings ;
 Tho' to his cheerful notes the hills reply,
 And warbling music gladdens all the sky ;
 Still in his strains no pleasing charms I find,
 No sweet enchantment to compose my mind.
 In vain the sun his gaudy pride displays,
 No genial warmth attends his brightest rays ;
 And when his absent light the moon supplies,
 Or planets glitter to enrich the skies,

No gleam of comfort from their lustre flows,
 No harbinger of peace, or calm repose :
 But gloomy vapours o'er the night prevail,
 And pestilence is spread in every gale :
 Thus weaken'd by a gradual decay,
 Life's bitter cup I drink without allay,
 Nor taste the blessing of one cheerful day. }
 Come then, kind death, thy sharpest steel prepare,
 Here point the dart, and snatch me from despair !
 But stop, O man, thy plaintive strains suppress,
 With Christian patience learn to acquiesce !
 Th' instructive voice of reason calmly hear,
 And let religion check the flowing tear :
 Whate'er the will of providence assigns,
 'Tis Infidelity alone repines ;
 But those who trust in God disdain to grieve,
 And what our father sends, with joy receive ;
 Whose sharp corrections testify his love,
 And certain blessings in the end will prove ;
 Who sees how man would err without controul,
 Afflicts the body, to improve the soul, }
 And by chastizing part, preserves the whole.
 Hence, tho' dark-lowering skies, and angry gales,
 Conspire to raise the storm, and rend the sails ;
 Yet, if calm reason at the helm preside,
 My little bark will stem both wind and tide ;
 And adverse currents shall at last convey,
 The shatter'd vessel to the realms of day !

Thus taught by Faith, how rash it is and vain
 For man, mere dust and ashes, to complain !
 My soul, with sad disquietude oppress,
 Directs her flight to heaven in search of rest ;
 And refuge takes (which " peace at last will bring")
 Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty's wing ;
 On him I fix my mind, and place my trust,
 A Being infinitely wise and just !
 And should his providence new beams create,
 To brighten the complexion of my fate,
 A cheerful tribute to his throne I'll raise,
 And stamp my song with gratitude and praise.
 But should indulgence suit not his designs,
 Who evil into happiness refines ;
 Let due submission make my burden light,
 And may I think — Whatever is, is right !
 Then " be not thou disquieted my soul,"
 Have lively faith—and " faith will make thee whole."
 When heaven inflicts, with calmness bear the stroke,
 Since to repine is only to provoke ;
 Learn to adore the justice of thy God,
 And kiss the sacred hand that holds the rod ;
 That sacred hand, which first the heart explores,
 Probes every wound, and searches all the sores ;
 Then the right med'cine properly applies,
 To cleanse the part where all th' infection lies.
 Hear this, thou coward man, nor dread the smart,
 Which, tho' it stings, will purify the heart ;

For

For resignation will promote the cure,
 And, tho' the means are sharp, the end is sure.
 Since then afflictions are thro' mercy sent,
 To be of good the happy instrument ;
 Since for the noblest ends they are design'd,
 To form the judgment, to improve the mind,
 To curb our passions, to direct our love,
 To awe mankind, and speak a God above ;
 O may I view them with religion's eye,
 Nor lose the guard of virtue till I die !
 Hence shall I taste the sweets that evils bring,
 And suck the honey, while I feel the sting ;
 Hence shall I learn the bitter cup to bless,
 And drink it as a draught of happiness ;
 A wholesome potion, which, tho' mix'd with gall,
 May still preserve my life, my soul, my all !
 Thus fix'd my heart ; tho' fruit should fail the vine,
 The fig-tree sicken, and its bloom decline ;
 The labour of the olive be in vain,
 And flocks infected, perish on the plain ;
 Tho' corn, and oil, and wine at once decrease,
 The fields grow barren, and the harvest cease ;
 Tho' baffled hinds their fruitless toil deplore,
 And vales uncheerful laugh and sing no more ;
 Yet still with gladness would I serve the Lord,
 Adore his wisdom, and obey his word —
 Hear then, O God, regard a suppliant's prayer ;
 Sooth all my pangs, and save me from despair :

Illuminate my soul with gladsome rays,
 And tune my voice to thy eternal praise;
 Dispel the clouds of darkness from my eyes,
 And make me know that to be good is wise:
 Let christian precepts all my soul employ,
 And be not more my duty, than my joy:
 Let conscience, void of art, and free from guile,
 Still in my bosom innocently smile;
 Her cheerful beams will gild the gloom of fate,
 And make me happy in whatever state.
 Hence shall I learn my talent to improve,
 If poor by patience, and if rich by love;
 If fortune smiles, let me be virtue's friend,
 And where I go, let charity attend:
 Within my bosom let compassion dwell,
 To soften all the woes which others feel;
 'T' assuage by kind relief affliction's sighs,
 And wipe the falling tear from widows eyes;
 To feed the hungry, the distress'd to cheer,
 The needy succour, and the feeble rear:
 Hence shall my mind, inflam'd with public good,
 Unshaken stand in midst of plenty's flood;
 Hence shall I scorn temptation's gilded bait,
 Look with disdain on all the pomp of state,
 And by humility be truly great. }
 But should it be thy blessed will to spread
 Clouds of thick darkness lowering o'er my head;
 Let me have grace to know they are design'd,
 To check my follies, and correct my mind;

Let me have grace to know in my distress,
 I still to thee may have a free access ;
 And be an heir (tho' all the world should frown)
 Of heavenly glory, and a future crown !
 From these reflections true contentment flows,
 Contentment — such as grandeur seldom knows ;
 Hence in the lowly cot a relish springs,
 Above the taste of courts, and pride of kings.
 Thus in the flood of wealth be thou my guide,
 And steer my course 'twixt avarice and pride ;
 Or, in the ebb of fortune, teach my mind
 To know its duty, and to be resign'd ;
 Prepare me to receive or good or ill,
 As the result of thy almighty will ;
 Thy will, whose chief design and general plan
 Tend to promote the happiness of man :
 Be every sensual appetite suppress'd,
 Nor the least taint lie lurking in my breast :
 Let steady reason my affections guide,
 And calm content sit smiling by my side ;
 Teach me with scorn to view the things below,
 As gaudy phantoms, and an empty show ;
 But guide my wishes to the things above,
 As the sole object of a christian's love ;
 Make me reflect on my eternal home,
 A dying Saviour, and a life to come ;
 Direct me virtue's happy course to run,
 And let me, as instructed by thy son,
 In every station say, Thy will be done.

}

ON THE DEATH OF LADY SHAW.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

BY THE SAME.

*Offendunt terribili hanc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinunt. — VIRG.*

THUS death, the king of terrors, spoke :—
 “ Be sure the aim, and home the stroke ;
 “ My will despotic has decreed
 “ The fairest sacrifice shall bleed ;
 “ To gratify my wanton pride.
 “ Where do the graces all reside ?
 “ Where shall the pointed arrow fly,
 “ That each may sicken, pine, and die ?
 “ Where can the stroke be so severe,
 “ To make all nature drop a tear ?
 “ Soon as among the fair I see
 “ Perfection’s bright epitome,
 “ I’ll vent my fury, fix her doom,
 “ And in its verdure nip the bloom ;
 “ Tho’ all the various charms combin’d,
 “ Of person, intellect, and mind ;
 “ Still unsuccessful they should plead,
 “ To stop my dart, or check its speed :

“ No

" No soft-endearing smiles of youth,
 " Good-nature, innocence, or truth,
 " Shall change my purpose to assault
 " The first I meet without a fault :
 " Nor universal prayers shall save
 " Th' unspotted victim from the grave ;
 " But fall she must — tho' good and wise, —
 " And all the world shall sympathize."

Thus having spoke — the tyrant saw
 An object free from every flaw,
 Then bent his bow — and aim'd at Shaw.

A SICK MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS CANDLE.

BY THE SAME.

THY size, bright taper, does so quickly waste,
 It bids me think the present day my last !
 Tho' narrow limits thy short date confine,
 Compar'd to infinite — what more is mine ?
 This day must end thy being, and before
 To-morrow's dawn myself may be no more !
 Both in life's morn with gayest lustre shine,
 And, as the night advances, both decline ;
 Both by one common fate seem closely link'd,
 And after one short blaze shall be extinct ;
 Our lives the same, our periods both agree ;
 So where's the difference 'twixt you and me !

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON SEEING HER DANCE.

BY THE SAME.

O ! may you walk, as years advance,
 Smooth and erect, as now you dance ;
 May you on each important stage,
 From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
 Assert your claim to merit's prize,
 And, as at present, charm our eyes ;
 Observant of decorum's laws,
 And moving with the same applause,
 May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
 Direct your steps with equal praise ;
 Its intricate meanders trace
 With regularity and grace ;
 From the true figure never swerve,
 And time in every step observe ;
 Give ear to harmony and reason,
 Nor make one motion out of season !
 Thus will life's current gently flow,
 And pour forth every Bliss below ;
 Till nature failing, ebb shall bring
 Death with his dart — but not his sting !

TO

T O A L A D Y,

ON ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

Would Chloe know the highest bliss,
 That friendship boasts—it must be this;—
 When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
 And two fond hearts unite in one;
 When each, as to delight or pain,
 Is bound in sympathetic chain,
 And both reciprocally borrow,
 To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
 This is the highest bliss below,
 This friendship only can bestow;
 And may propitious heaven design,
 That such a friendship shall be mine,
 And since this wish relates to two,
 O! may that friendship be with you!

TO

T O S Y L V I A.

PRESENTED WITH A RING, BEARING A HEART,
WITH THIS MOTTO, — STOP THIEF.

Soon as I saw those beauteous eyes,
You play'd a roguish part ;
You first enthrall'd me by surprize,
Then robb'd me of my heart.
Since thus you now may boast of two,
Disputing is in vain :
Render to me your own in lieu,
Or give me mine again.
If not, tho' you're by all confess'd
The master-piece of nature ;
I'll paint you to the world at best
A double-hearted creature.

TO

T O A L A D Y.

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY, ENTITLED
 "VISIONS."

"SO strong the passions of the human mind,
 " To truth reluctant, and to reason blind ;
 " These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
 " All airy visions, and an empty dream :
 " For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
 " That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
 " Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
 " And feast upon its charms in theory ;
 " Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
 " To realize this image of the brain."

Thus, foe to nature, spoke the gloomy sage ;
 But let his labour'd lines inform the page ;
 Let him exhaust his genius to display,
 Truth's pleasant path, and virtue's peaceful way :
 Each moral rule with energy dispense,
 That forms the conduct, or improves the sense :
 Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
 Still nature must to art superior rise ;
 For nature now triumphantly can show
 A living instance of those rules in you.

A SUPPLICATION.

BY A LADY, JUST BEFORE MARRIAGE.

PRepare me, O almighty Lord,
 For that important day,
 When I shall plight my solemn word,
 To "honour and obey:"
 When at thy sacred altar I
 With trembling feet shall stand,
 Be thy eternal spirit by
 To join the heart and hand.
 United thus, no human force
 Can part the happy pair,
 But life will run a cheerful course
 Of sunshine all the year:
 Yet still, as pleasure's cup enjoy'd,
 A bitter draught may prove,
 Unless our thoughts be oft employ'd
 On happiness above;
 Within us, Lord, new hearts create,
 Prepar'd for heavenly bliss;
 That we may seek a better state,
 While sojourners in this.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

Almighty Lord of heaven and earth,
 Who gave to me and all things birth,
 Receive a suppliant's prayer!
 Look on me with compassion's eye,
 And mercy's lenient balm supply,
 To save me from despair.
 Let love abound, suspicion cease,
 Let wrath be swallow'd up in peace,
 And discord rage no more!
 Thus gratitude shall teach my heart,
 To chuse thro' life the better part,
 And thee, my God, adore!
 This is the humble prayer I make,
 When I my Damon's hand shall take,
 That we, from care exempt,
 May see our moments flow serene,
 And still preserve the golden mean
 'Twixt envy and contempt!

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL FABLES.

IMITATED FROM A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT OF
MR. CAZOTTE.

BY MR. CHARLES DENIS.

FABLE I.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

JOve once, 'tis said, was angry grown
With all mankind ; and we must own
With reason too : th' ungrateful race
Dar'd even to their maker's face,
Unthinking, insolent and vain,
Presume of hardships to complain.
Say, did not I (thus spoke the god)
Create at will that human clod ?
Endow it with a soul divine,
That attribute a spark of mine ?
Did I not place him on yon ball,
That earth, and make him lord of all ?
Did I not give him full command
O'er every creature in the land ?
O'er all that in the waters swim,
O'er all that thro' light ether skim ?

H

Nay

Nay more : I gave a loving wife,
 To be the solace of his life ;
 A fair one too. (Jove swears and vows
 He'd gladly club for such a spouse :
 For Jove we know would now and then,
 By way of frolick, act like men)
 The very being of a state
 Consists of small, as well as great ;
 From first to last there must be ranks ;
 Man's blest in all, yet gives no thanks :
 To every one Jove's bounty flows ;
 To these bright honours, wealth to those :
 And they who dwell in humble cot
 May boast indeed the happiest lot :
 Instead of grandeur, pomp, and wealth,
 I give them mirth, content, and health :
 Nay some have still a luckier hit,
 As country squire, and London cit,
 Great appetites, and little wit. }
 What would ungrateful mortals have ?
 How dare they say, Jove nothing gave ?
 To please mankind's no easy task ;
 Give e'er so much, they've more to ask.

F A B L E II.

ALEXANDER'S STICK.

GOD Alexander, it was said,
 Like mortal man, lay sick in bed :
 Without — 'tis said, without — we hear,
 How can a fabulist appear ?
 Once on a day — once on a night —
 Time out of mind — are ours of right.
 So far digress, let's retrograde,
 Like others of the rhyming trade,
 And tell our story as we can —
 This son of Jove was but a man :
 In bed we left him, and no doubt,
 You long to know his ail : — the gout.
 The gout ! are kings tormented thus ?
 Have they infirmities like us ?
 Why not ? one clay makes up our frame ;
 And kings and subjects are the same.
 It happen'd, where our god was sick,
 That on the carpet lay a stick ;
 Yes, a crabstick by chance lay there,
 No matter how, or whence, or where.
 The wanted stick was valued much,
 And soon was fashion'd into crutch.

And now the monarch's dear support,
 He thinks himself, like some at court,
 Of such importance to the state,
 All must on him obsequious wait.
 Such merit never can be slighted ;
 And to be sure he will be knighted.
 And then aloud how fame will blab,
 That he is dubb'd Sir Broomstick Crab !
 Favour at court, I've often read,
 Intoxicates the wisest head :
 If so, ye courtiers, by your leave,
 How must a simpleton behave ?
 Sir Crab now hopes to be his grace,
 Since he supplies the sceptre's place ;
 For if a sceptre's really good,
 Be it of silver, gold, or wood,
 'Tis not the matter which we prize,
 In merit all the difference lies.
 Merit I have no doubt, or why
 Should this great king on me rely ?
 Last night, his generals around him
 Had left him all just as they found him ;
 But with my help the god-like man
 Of future conquests form'd the plan ;
 Trac'd in the sand, in case of need,
 How to fall back, and when proceed ;
 Here we make war ; there peace proclaim ;
 With us great folks 'tis all the same.

Yet

Yet we'll pursue an honest plan,
 And fix the limits — if we can.
 But who shall check our bold career ?
 Ambition knows of no barrier :
 Not rapid Ganges, deep and wide,
 Its bordering kingdoms can divide :
 If so, these kingdoms all shall prove,
 What 'tis t' oppose the son of Jove.
 Thus, whilst our new-made courtier fed
 The wild chimera in his head,
 Some rest the gouty hero gains ;
 He finds a respite from his pains ;
 And growing better every day,
 The useless stick is thrown away.
 By this example warning take,
 Ye courtiers ! ye who dream awake :
 Court-favours are precarious things ;
 The wind will change — and so may kings.

F A B L E III.

JUPITER AND THE POET.

IN angry mood Jove once, they say,
 (That god comes often in my way)
 Vow'd he'd chastise a certain bard,
 For want of reverence and regard :
 What ! Jupiter have passions then ?
 Read Homer, and your gods are men.
 A thing call'd poet (what his name,
 Or who he is, or whence he came,
 It matters not) would have his joke,
 Of gods irreverently spoke ;
 And to enhance his fund of sin,
 With Jove himself must needs begin.
 Haste, Vulcan, to thy forge ; and fetch
 That bolt doom'd for the greatest wretch.
 But stay — bring with thee great and small ;
 In one dread heap I'll lanch them all.
 A dire example he shall prove
 To all such bards as sneer at Jove.
 Vulcan his orders strait obey'd —
 The whole creation shakes dismay'd ;
 Redoubl'd thunder roars aloud,
 And from the thick collected cloud

Keen lightnings, darting thro' the sky,
 In serpentine meanders fly.
 Earth dreads, lest from her axis whirl'd,
 She be again to chaos hurl'd.
 And where's the poet all this while ?
 Asleep : and sleeping seems to smile :
 Ah ! soon he'll feel the vengeful blast, —
 That sleep will surely be his last.
 No : he awakes calm and serene,
 Unconscious of the dismal scene :
 He to Jove's wrath his safety owes :
 The dart must err which passion throws.
 For all these bolts together tumbled,
 In wild confusion, only rumbled ;
 Thro' vacant skies are vainly tost,
 And all the expedition's lost.
 Some few, tho' guiltless, bore the shock,
 And here an oak, and there a rock
 Torn up, o'erthrown in woeful plight,
 Proclaim'd the horrors of the night.
 Now had this wrath-enkindled god
 Seiz'd a stout broomstick, or a rod,
 Instead of all this mighty din —
 A mercy on the poet's skin !

F A B L E IV.

THE FROG AND THE RAT.

ONce on a time a foolish frog,
 Vain, proud, and stupid as a log,
 (For 'tis an axiom of the school,
 Who argues proud concludes a fool)
 Tir'd with the marsh, her native home,
 Imprudently abroad would roam,
 And fix her habitation where
 She'd breathe at least a purer air.
 She was resolv'd to change, that's poss;
 Could she be worse than where she was?
 Away the silly creature leaps:
 A rat, who saw her lab'ring steps,
 Cry'd out, where in this hurry pray?
 You certainly will go astray.
 Ne'er fear, I quit that filthy bog,
 Where I so long have croak'd incog:
 People of talents sure should thrive,
 And not be buried thus alive.
 But pray, for I'm extremely dry,
 Know you of any water nigh?
 None, said the rat, you'll reach to day,
 As you so slowly make your way.

Believe

Believe a friend, and take my word,
 This jaunt of yours is quite absurd.
 Go to your froggery again ;
 In your own element remain.
 No : on the journey she was bent ;
 Her thirst increas'ing as she went,
 For want of drink she scarce can hop,
 And yet despairing of a drop,
 Too late she moans her folly past :
 She faints, she sinks, she breathes her last.
 Frogs, in your marshes be content ;
 Dry land for you was never meant.
 Some breathe in dry, some in moist air,
 But all should live within their sphere.

THE

THE YOUNG WIDOW. A FABLE.

BY MR. C. DENIS.

HUlse shook his head—poor Damon lay a dying;
And close by his bed-side his wife sat crying:
O stay, she said; and must we part?

My soul, like thine, is on the wing;
Methinks I feel death's iron dart;
But oh! 'tis that which wounds thy heart,
That bears to mine the sting.

Her grief was great, so was her moan:
And much to die she seem'd inclin'd;
Howe'er, she let him go alone,
And prudently remain'd behind.

A week, or so, was past and gone,
Still she continued weeping on,
When to her house her father came,
And thus address'd the mournful dame:
My child, said he, enough of tears you've shed;
Think of the living, and forget the dead.
Another spouse—don't startle at the word,
'Tis but a second, you may have a third.

As soon as decency permits,
I have a husband to propose;
Young, handsome, rich, just one of those
That's form'd to cure a widow's fits.

Ah,

Ah, fir! is this a father's part
To wound afresh a bleeding heart?
Shall I another husband wed?
Oh no: my only love is dead;
Nor will I other wedding have,
'Till I am bedded in his grave.

The father left her to digest
The wise and prudent things he said;
He put the husband in her head,

And time he knew would do the rest.
The cares of mourning next took place;
To dress her grief, and suit her face:
'Twas Cupid's thought; for what exceeds
A pretty widow in her weeds?
And now each looking-glass could tell
That black became her vastly well.

The smiles and graces, that were scar'd away,
With all the band of little loves,
And Cytherea's doves,
Came dropping in each day.

The father, if report says true,

Another visit made, ere mourning over;
I'm glad, my dear, said he, so well to find you;

But mention'd not a word of the new lover:
At which she blush'd — must I then, fir, remind you?
The thing's too serious to be made a joke of;
Where is the husband, pray, that once you spoke of?

Wide

Wide is the difference, as you see it here,
'Twixt widow of a day, and widow of a year.
All lenient time expands his wings,
 Away he flies with human cares ;
 Then back, full fraught with joy, repairs,
And every balmy comfort brings.
Time checks the mourning husband's sighs ;
 'Tis he congeals the falling tear,
 To form the lovely lucid leer,
Which sparkles in a widow's eyes.

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

TO THE QUEEN.

BY MRS. P---

WHenever tongue great George's praise recites,
 And heart-felt gratitude the verse indites;
 May I my wishes for his weal impart,
 In words that speak the language of the heart:
 May I, the humblest of the muses train,
 Presume to join them in the lofty strain;
 Yes, yes, the inspiring muse now darts her ray,
 And bids to Charlotte thus devote the lay.
 Deign then, O queen! to view this humble wreath,
 And on the flowery band acceptance breathe:
 Myrtles as fragrant as thy George's name,
 Whose incense rises on the wings of fame,
 Fresh have I cull'd from Pindus' sacred shade,
 With blooming flowerets that can never fade;
 Emblems of virtues that thy George adorn,
 Foretelling blessings to an age unborn;
 Laurels unchanging join the mystic band,
 Which speak the glories of this conquering land:
 These, royal Charlotte, by the muse consign'd,
 Trembling I weave, thy sacred brow to bind.

The

The wreath thus form'd, receive it, gracious queen,
 And mark the virtues that in George are seen :
 His name, by generous deeds illustrious grown,
 Now shines the brightest jewel in his crown ;
 Fair honour sits enthron'd upon his brow,
 Where youth and beauty like these flowerets grow ;
 Virtue and truth his steady footsteps wait,
 And mercy, smiling cherub, opes his gate :
 At his example vice astonish'd falls,
 And dreads an exile from our happy walls :
 Religion now fresh beams her cheering ray,
 And heaven's vicegerent gladly owns the sway :
 True filial piety his bosom warms,
 And social fondness in the monarch charms :
 From his bright pattern every blessing springs,
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of kings.
 What more remain'd to form the god-like youth ?
 Paternal fondness, and connubial truth.
 Lo ! now approving angels gracious bring
 A comfort worthy Albion's virtuous king :
 Graces celestial to her mind belong,
 Humble tho' great, and sagely wise tho' young.
 England's old genius like himself appears,
 And points exulting to the coming years ;
 With joy paternal bids obedient fame
 To trembling nations British George proclaim :
 Long may he reign, encircled with renown,
 Fair as his virtues, mighty as his crown :

May

May sweet domestic bliss, unmix'd with care,
 And soft content your rising hours prepare :
 May each succeeding year new transport bring,
 And truth and wisdom bloom perpetual spring :
 Long may the people and the king contest,
 Who most revere, who love each other best :
 May his dread sceptre horrid war bid cease,
 And awe perfidious nations into peace :
 May home-felt bliss the cares of state beguile,
 The parent's rapture at the cherub-smile ;
 The joys refin'd to rear the budding flower,
 And taste its sweetness in the vernal hour ;
 Joys ! such as lov'd, lamented Frederick knew,
 Beneath whose care his infant virtues grew :
 Like good Augusta be great Charlotte seen,
 Nor lose the mother in the mighty queen :
 And late, oh late, may heaven's dread mandate come,
 Which calls the mortal to his native home :
 Then may some radiant spirit guide your way,
 To the blest'd regions of eternal day ;
 There, brighter crown'd, amidst the sacred throng,
 In strains celestial join the seraph's song.

ON

ON OCCASION OF THE PEACE. A POEM.

BY P. F----

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descends. POPE.

A Dieu the horrors of destructive war,
 And mad Bellona in her iron car!
 But welcome to our smiling fields again,
 Sweet peace! attended with thy jocund train,
 Truth, virtue, freedom, that can never cloy,
 And all the pleasing family of joy.
 Those schemes pursued, which Pitt so wisely plan'd,
 Conquest has shower'd her blessings on the land;
 And Britain's sons more laurels have obtain'd,
 Than all her Henries, or her Edwards gain'd:
 George saw with joy the peaceful period given,
 And bow'd obedient to the will of heaven:
 Awful he rose to bid dissention cease,
 And all the warring world was calm'd to peace;
 "Thus did the roaring waves their rage compose,
 "When the great father of the floods arose."
 Then came Astrea mild, our isle to bless,
 Fair queen of virtue, and of happiness!
 Then came our troops in fighting fields renown'd,
 And mark'd with many an honourable wound.

The

The tender fair one, long by fears oppress'd,
 Now feels soft raptures rising in her breast,
 The blooming hero of her heart to view,
 And hear him bid the dangerous camp adieu.
 The widow'd bride, that long on grief had fed,
 And bath'd with weeping the deserted bed,
 Glad that the tumults of the war are o'er,
 That terror, rage, and rapine are no more,
 Greets her rough lord, secure from hostile harms,
 And hopes an age of pleasure in his arms :
 While he, with pompous eloquence, recites
 Dire scenes of castles storm'd, and desperate fights ;
 Or tells how Wolfe the free-born Britons led,
 How Granby conquer'd, and the Household fled ;
 She, to the pleasing dreadful tale intent,
 Now smiles, now trembles, for the great event.
 O curst ambition, foe to human good,
 Pregnant with woe, and prodigal of blood !
 Thou fruitful source, whence streams of sorrow flow,
 What devastations to thy guilt we owe !
 Where-e'er thy fury riots, all around
 Confusion, havoc, and dread deaths abound :
 Where Ceres flourish'd, and gay Flora smil'd,
 Behold a barren, solitary wild !
 To stately cedars thorns and briars succeed,
 And in the garden spreads the noxious weed ;
 Where cattle pastured late, the purple plain,
 Sad scene of horror ! teems with heroes slain ;

Where the proud palace rear'd its haughty head,
 Deep in the dust, see! crumbling columns spread;
 See gallant Britons in the field expire,
 Towns turn'd to ashes, fanes involv'd in fire!
 These deeds the guilt of rash ambition tell,
 And bloody discord, furious fiend of hell!
 Ye baneful sisters, with your frantic crew,
 Hence speed your flight, and take your last adieu,
 Eternal wars in barbarous worlds to wage;
 There vent your inextinguishable rage.
 But come, fair Peace, and be the nation's bride,
 And let thy sister Plenty grace thy side,
 O come! and with thy placid presence cheer
 Our drooping hearts, and stay for ever here.
 Now be the shrill, strife-stirring trumpet mute;
 Now let us listen to the softer lute:
 The shepherd now his numerous flocks shall feed,
 Where war relentless doom'd the brave to bleed;
 On ruin'd ramparts shall the hawthorn flower,
 And mantling ivy clasp the nodding tower,
 Unusual harvests wave along the dale,
 And the bent sickle o'er the sword prevail.
 No more shall states with rival rage contend,
 But arts their empire o'er the world extend;
 Ingenuous arts, that humanize the mind,
 And give the brightest polish to mankind!
 Then shall our chiefs in breathing marble stand,
 And life seem starting from the sculptor's hand;
Then

Then lovely nymphs in living picture rise,
 The fairest faces, and the brightest eyes :
 There * polish'd Lane no loss of beauty fears ;
 Her charms, still mellowing with revolving years,
 Shall, ev'n on canvas, youthful hearts engage,
 And warm the cold indifference of age :
 Then the firm arch shall stem the roaring tide,
 And join those countries which the streams divide ;
 Then villas rise of true palladian proof,
 And the proud palace rear its ample roof ;
 Then statelier temples to the skies ascend,
 Where mix'd with nobles mighty kings may bend,
 Where poverty may send her sighs to heaven,
 And guilt return, repent, and be forgiven.
 Such are the fruits which sacred peace imparts,
 Sweet nurse of liberty and learned arts !
 These she restores — O ! that she could restore
 Life to those Britons who now breathe no more,
 Who in th' embattled field undaunted stood,
 And greatly perish'd in their country's good ;
 Or who, by rage of angry tempests tost,
 In whirlpools of the whelming main were lost.
 Ye honour'd shades of chiefs untimely slain !
 Whose bones lie scatter'd on some foreign plain ;

* The hon. mrs. Lane, daughter of the right hon. lord
 chancellor Henley, and wife to the hon. mr. Lane.

That now perchance by lonely hind are seen
 In glittering armour gliding o'er the green ;
 Ye ! that beneath the cold cerulean wave
 Have made the watery element your grave,
 Whose wandering spirits haunt the winding shore,
 Or ride on whirlwinds while the billows roar,
 With kind protection still our isle defend,
 (If souls unbodied can protection lend)
 Still o'er the king your shadowy pinions spread,
 And in the day of danger shield his head ;
 Your bright examples shall our pattern be
 To make us valiant, and to keep us free.

Dec. 1762.

ODE

O D E O N D A R K N E S S.

TIS now the dreary hour of night,
 When darkness shuts the sense of sight :
 Where sparkles now that florid grace,
 That sat enthron'd on nature's face ?
 That golden flood of glory where,
 That stream'd its lustre thro' the air ?
 That private, zephyr-quivering shade,
 Where Thyrsis woo'd his lovely maid ?
 Alas ! the sun, alas ! the shade,
 Where Thyrsis woo'd his lovely maid,
 Are vanish'd, and the watery dyke,
 And flowery bank have charms alike.
 The velvet lawn, the tree-topt hill,
 The fertile mead, the neighb'ring rill,
 And all, that lately pleas'd my eye,
 In undistinguish'd darkness lie.
 Oh, darkness ! each extreme degree
 Is reconcil'd alone by thee.
 What now avail Lucinda's eyes,
 That wont to dazzle and surprize ?
 Or what the captivating charms
 Of Stella's lilly-colour'd arms ?
 Since none the difference can see
 'Twixt beauty and deformity.

Involv'd

Involv'd in terrôr, on his bed
 The wretch of guilt reclines his head,
 Reclines, and wishes for repose,
 That friendly balm of human woes.
 In vain, for gentle sleep denies
 With magic wand to close his eyes ;
 And should he nod, he dreams despair,
 And wakens to redoubled care.
 Then spectred forms before him sweep,
 Imaginary foes to sleep,
 Whilst every whistling breath of wind
 Adds deeper horror to his mind.
 He sweats in tremor, sinks his head,
 To every sense of comfort dead :
 With pain reflects, attempts to pray,
 And yearns to see the glimpse of day.
 Not so, the steady, tranquil man,
 Who acts by reason's virtuous plan ;
 No wild fantastic thoughts controul
 The settled firmness of his soul.
 For, thro' the gloomy veil of night,
 He sees a constant, sacred light,
 That beams its unremitting ray,
 And changes darkness into day.

W. W.

JANU-

J A N U A R Y.

A N O D E.

ON yon black cloud, behold Aquarius stand,
 Poising an ample urn in either hand !
 The load he sways, then swiftly pours
 In cataracts the deluge down ;
 The rough wind howls discordant with the showers,
 Whilst nature knits each feature to a frown.

The dripping poultry seek the closest sheds :
 The pensive warblers droop their little heads :
 Nor without cause. No gilding ray
 Breaks thro' the foggy veil of air ;
 But all is picturesque of blank dismay,
 Engendering spirits of extreme despair.

Is this th' unpleasing foretaste of the year ?
 And does the first month meet me with a tear ?
 And shall not better days ensue,
 The soul to cherish and sustain ?
 Shall no bright prospects lengthen to the view,
 No river smile, no landscape charm again ?

Lo ! fly the clouds ; the sun renews his ray ;
 Aquarius adds a lustre to the day :

To

To globes of ice each freezing urn
Transforms: The crown, which late he wore
Surcharg'd with wet, condenses in its turn,
And looks a substance of self-polish'd ore.

Now round the board, my friends! in concert join,
And drown despair in copious floods of wine.

Vulcan! sit down and blow the fire;
And Bacchus, thou! my butler be:
Approach, my Genius! fill the goblet higher,
I'll have no other Ganymede but thee.

W. W.



END OF VOL. I.

